

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

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## The Normal Diapason.

The *Moniteur* of the 25th February contained the Report presented to his Excellency, the Minister of State, by the Commission charged with the task of establishing in France a uniform musical diapason.\* (Decree of the 17th July, 1858).

We subjoin this important document uncurtailed.—*London Mus. World.*

Paris, the 1st February, 1859.

MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE.—You charged a Commission to "investigate the means of establishing in France a uniform musical diapason, to fix on a standard of sonority which might serve as an invariable type, and to point out the measures to be passed in order to secure its adoption and preservation."

Your order was founded on the following considerations:—"The constantly increasing elevation of the diapason is attended with drawbacks, from which musical art, musical composers, artists, and musical instrument-makers, are all sufferers; and the difference existing between the diapasons of various countries, various musical establishments, and various manufactories, is a constant source of embarrassment for concerted music, and of difficulties in commercial transactions."

The Commission has terminated its task. It owes you an account of its operations and of the course it has pursued, and it submits to the approbation of your Excellency, the result to which it has come.

### I.

It is certain that, in the course of a century, the diapason has been progressively and constantly rising. If the study of Gluck's scores were not sufficient to prove, by the manner in which the vocal parts are arranged, that these master-pieces were written with reference to a diapason much less high than ours,† the testimony of contemporary organs would furnish us with irrefutable proof. The Commission desired, in the first place, to account for this singular fact, and, just as a prudent doctor endeavors to go back to the first sources of a malady before attempting to cure it, resolved to discover, or, at least, examine the causes which had been able to effect the elevation of the diapason.

We possess the elements necessary for estimating this elevation. The organs, of which we have spoken, mark (*accusent*) the difference of a tone below the existing diapason. But even this moderate diapason was not sufficient for the prudence of the Opera at that period. Rousseau, in his dictionary of music (under the article *Tone*) says that the *tone* of the Opera at Paris was lower than the *tone* of the chapel. Consequently, the diapason, or, rather, the *tone* of the Opera was, in Rousseau's time, more than a tone lower than the diapason of the present day.

The singers of the period, however, according to a great many writers, forced their voices. Either from want of study, want of taste, or a desire to please the public, they screeched (*criaient*). Such singers, who could manage to screech so loudly with so low a diapason, had no interest in asking for a higher *tone*, which would have required greater exertions; and generally, at no time, in no country, neither to-day nor formerly—in a word, never is it the interest of the singer, let him sing well or ill, to meet with a high diapason, which deteriorates his voice, augments his fatigue, and shortens his theatrical career. Singers, therefore, are out of court, and we cannot attribute the elevation of the diapason to them.

The interest of composers—despite whatever may have been said or thought by persons not possessing a very precise notion of musical matters—is directly contrary to the elevation of the

diapason. When it is too high, it embarrasses them. The higher the diapason, the sooner does the singer reach the limits of his voice on the sharp chords; the development of the melodic phrase is, therefore, trammelled rather than seconded. The composer has in his head, his imagination, and, we may say, in his heart, the natural type of the human voice (*des voix*). The phrase he writes is suggested to him by a singer whom he alone hears, and who always sings well. This singer's voice, supple, pure, intelligent, and correct, is fixed in conformity with a moderate and true diapason which dwells within the ear of the composer. The composer has, therefore, every advantage to gain by moving in a gamut well suited to the voice, and which, leaving him freer, and more master of the effects he desires to produce, assists his inspiration. Besides, what means does he possess of raising the diapason? Is it he who himself makes, or causes to be manufactured, the perfidious little instruments, the compasses which mislead the mariner? Is it he who comes and gives the A to orchestras? We have never seen or heard that any *maestro*, discontented with the too great reserve of a diapason, had one made to suit his convenience—a personal diapason, in order to raise the *tone* of an entire orchestra. He would meet with a thousand cases of resistance, and a thousand impossibilities. No; the composer does not create the diapason; he submits to it. He cannot, therefore, be accused of having excited the ascensional course of tonality.

We must remark that this ascensional course has been general as well as constant; that it has not been limited to France; and that the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Ocean, have not proved obstacles to it. People must not, therefore, as we have heard them do, accuse especially France, whom they are very apt to charge with the misdeeds committed from time to time in the world of music. Our country has merely had a share in the grand invasion of the rising diapason, and, if it was an accomplice in the crime, it was, also, the victim of it. The causes of this invasion, which have acted everywhere with consistency, *ensemble*, perseverance, and, we might say, premeditation, could not be either accidental or peculiar to one country. They must necessarily have been dependent on a determining principle, and an interested motive. In virtue of a well-known axiom, we must, therefore, seek out those evidently interested in unduly raising the A which our ancestors hoped to bequeath us.

It is those who manufacture tuning-forks, or have them manufactured, who are the authors of the evil and masters of the situation. It is the musical-instrument makers, and we can understand that they have a legitimate and honorable interest in elevating the diapason. The more elevated the *tone*, the more brilliant will be the sound. The maker will not, therefore, always manufacture his instruments in conformity with the diapason; he will sometimes manufacture his diapason in conformity with an instrument he may consider sonorous and striking. The truth is, that he is a passionate admirer of sonority, which is the object of his work, and is incessantly endeavoring to increase the force, purity, and transparency of the voices which he knows how to create. The wood he fashions and the metal he forges, obeying the laws of resonance, will assume intelligent sounds, which a skilful, or, sometimes, an inspired artist, will soon animate with his bow, his breath, and his light, supple, or powerful fingers. The instrumentalist and the maker are, therefore, two allies; their interests are combined and mutually supporting. Once introduced into the orchestra, they sway and rule it, easily dragging it to the heights in which they

delight. In fact, the orchestra belongs to them, or, rather, they are the orchestra, and it is the instrumentalist who, by giving the *tone*, regulates, without desiring to do so, the studies, the efforts, and the destiny of the singer.

The great sonority acquired by wind-instruments speedily found its direct application, and received from it a still greater impulse. Music, which adapts itself to everything, and everywhere takes its place, marches at the head of regiments; it sings to the troops the airs which animate them, and remind them of their native land. Under these circumstances, it must sound loud and firm, and its voice must extend a long distance. Military bands, seizing on the diapason and raising it still higher than it was before, propagated throughout Europe the movement which incessantly hurried it forward.‡

At the present day, however, military music might, without fear, descend somewhat from the diapason it has unduly raised. Its pride would not suffer, nor would its flourishes be less martial or less striking. The great number of brass instruments it now possesses have given it more body, and more firmness, as well as an amount of relief, both solid and brilliant, formerly wanting to it. Let us hope, moreover, that further progress on the part of the various makers speedily freeing certain instruments from drawbacks which are to be regretted, will open to them an access of rich tonality at present denied them. The honorable general who represents in the Commission the organization of the military bands, would exert himself to the utmost to second this desirable amelioration—this real advance—which would endow military bands with fresh resources, and vary the brilliancy of their sonority.

We think, Monsieur le Ministre, we have proved that the elevation of the diapason is due to the efforts of instrument-makers and instrumental performers, and that neither composers nor singers have had any participation in it. Religious music and dramatic music have submitted to the movement, without being able to avoid it, or without endeavoring to escape doing so. The diapason might, therefore, be lowered to a certain extent, with the certainty of serving the true and greatest interests of art.

\* The Commission consisted of:

MM. J. Pelletier, Councillor of State, Secretary General in the Ministry of State, President;

F. Halévy, Member of the Institute, Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts, Reporter;

Auber, Member of the Institute, and Director of the Imperial Conservatory of Music and Elocution;

Berlioz, Member of the Institute;

Despretz, Member of the Institute, and Professor of Physics at the Faculty of Science;

Camille Doucet, head of the theatrical department in the offices of the Minister of State;

Liseajous, Professor of Physics at the Lycée Saint-Louis, and Member of the Council of the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry;

General Mellinet, charged with the organization of the bands of the army;

Meyerbeer, Member of the Institute;

Ed. Monnais, Imperial Commissary at the lyrical theatres and the Conservatory;

Rossini, Member of the Institute;

Ambroise Thomas, Member of the Institute.

† The scores of Monsigny and Grétry suggest the same remark.

‡ The word *diapason* had not then received the signification we lend it now-a-days, and the little instrument employed to give the *tone* did not exist. "The instrument which serves to give the *tone* (*ton de l'accord*) to a whole orchestra, and which some persons call a *choriste*, is a whistle, which, by means of a kind of graduated piston, by which the pipe is lengthened or shortened at pleasure, always emits pretty nearly the same sound under the same division, etc. (Rousseau, *Dictionnaire de Musique*, under the head *Tone*.) In Italy, at the present day, the name of *corista* is still given to the tuning-fork. One of the *choristes* mentioned by Rousseau is preserved in the "Cabinet de Physique" at the Sorbonne.

§ We read in a letter addressed to us by M. Kittl, director of the Conservatory at Prague: "It is greatly to be desired that some conclusion should be arrived at in the matter, for there are continual complaints about the progressive elevation of the diapason, and all Europe will feel grateful that France has resolved to bestir herself, for she will not fall of success."

¶ In Austria, the military bands are the cause of this eleva-

tion, their diapason varying a semitone from that of other musical bodies. This difference dates from the time of the Emperor Alexander I. On becoming the proprietor of an Austrian regiment, he ordered new instruments to be made for the band. The maker, in order to bring out the latter with greater prominence, raised the diapason of the instruments, which, of course, imparted more freshness and brilliancy to the sound. The innovation excited the envy of the other military bands, who all raised their diapason."

(To be continued.)

### Felicien David's New Opera.

(From the London Athenaeum, March 19.)

CARNIVAL OPERAS IN PARIS. — "*Herculanum*." — To give an account of this extraordinary production such as shall convey our impressions to distant persons, is not easy. The one epithet which suggests itself from first to last, and returns after search and research, is, *Amusing*! Yet, so far at least as the musician's (M. Felicien David's) share in the opera goes, such epithet is not intended to convey contempt. Let us see if we can make it intelligible by a few details.

The *libretto*, to begin, is said to have had as many parents as Mr. Benedicet's "*Brides of Venice*." M. David has long been reputed as busy on no less arduous a subject than "*The Last Judgment*;" and some of the music was probably calculated for that tremendous theme. But, without levity on our part, he it said, it proved difficult "to mount." We fancy that obstacles of stage-management may have caused the modification of the original idea. The Parisians are not reverent. For the last fortnight there has been flaring on the *Boulevard des Italiens* the concert-bill of a M. Lazareff, in which a "*Last Judgment*" forms a feature; and this has been advertised, Bartholomew-Fair-wise, with a monstrous picture, illustrating the scene. Nay, more, though MM. Méry and Hadot have been compelled to content themselves with Vesuvius and an eruption, they have not been restrained by scruple from bringing in a Christian prophet, who utters some phrases from the Apocalypse—also Satan—among their *dramatis personae*. The days of those old monkish Mysteries which begot Oratorio, ere profane drama existed, may be returning, for aught we know, as well as those of the soothsayers and witchfinders. The Parisians, however, seem to take this part of "*Herculanum*" seriously. The English will do so for totally opposite reasons. The "amusing" side of the *libretto* is furnished by the florid nonsense of the verses, and the hardy way in which the oldest of old situations, from "*Robert le Diable*," "*Les Martyrs*," "*Le Fils Prodigue*," and other grand operas, have been patched together. There is a Pagan Queen, *Olympia* (Madame Borghi-Mamo), who comes to amuse herself at "*Herculanum*"—with her pagan brother *Nicanor* (M. Obin). Two Christians are brought before them, *Lelia* (Madame Gueymard-Lauters) and *Helios* (M. Roger), who are doomed to death. The Queen resolves to save and paganize the youth because of his beauty, the brother to possess himself of the maiden. *Magnus*, a prophet (M. Mairé), threatens them. The first act ends with a foretaste of the volcanic storm, laughed at by the Pagans—the second shows *Lelia* clinging to a cross in a desert place,—*Nicanor*, struck dead with a thunderbolt, swallowed up,—and the Evil One taking his place and shape, and provoking her jealousy by a vision of *Helios*, who has been made apostate and faithless to her by the seduction of the Pagan Queen. Thenceforward wickedness has its own way; till the moment of the tremendous catastrophe, when the Christian lovers meet, exchange penitence and pardon, and only wish to die, so that they may die together. If a burlesque on the sublime supernatural situations contained in the last twenty grand French operas had been tried for, it could not have been better accomplished than it is here. Yet the action moves, and the audience, as we have said, endure, if they do not enjoy, the story.

M. David's music merits our epithet of "*amusing*," supposing the bitterness of well-merited sarcasm discharged from it. Some may remember how, when French critics and English *dilettanti* were rapturous over his "*Désert Symphony*," as revealing a new composer, we ventured to consider it as indicating a talent inherently slight, however agreeable and winning, an opinion borne out by every other piece of music, whether symphony or quartet, then produced, in display of the man of the moment. Till a bleaching liquid shall be found for the negro, we shall hold to our judgment, that there are certain qualities which cannot be transformed, certain attributes not to be annihilated, however adroitly they may be concealed. M. David, at least, is not the musician who contradicts in his after-career our strong first impressions. There is elegance, there is poetry, in what he has done; but both belong to *ballet*, rather than to *opera*. In the religious music for the Christians his inspirations are trivial and cut short; in his descriptive mu-

sic for the demons, there is nothing but the old lugubrious pattern-work of bassoon, ophicleide and double bass; in his duets of passion only liberal draughts from the springs of effect, drained dry by Donizetti, MM. Meyerbeer and Halévy, and Signor Verdi—their cut being as well known as that of the Rossini *crescendo*. But though there be small novelty of idea, though the constructive power displayed be limited, amenity and animation are in some of M. David's music. We may mention especially the songs given to the Pagan Queen, which have an elegant and voluptuous sprightliness, and to the entire scene which, according to opera statutes, contains the dance-music. The same remark applies to M. David's instrumentation. If it be without enterprise, it is also without affectation. The work, to sum up, is congenial to the singers; and though the music will neither sink deep nor travel far—least of all establish its amiable writer as the composer of grand serious opera,—it will and may amuse for a time, without the hearer's taste deriving harm or charm because he has listened.

The personating artists have been named: all have been well fitted. Madame Borghi-Mamo is made to pass for a brilliant singer by a few simple passages, so judiciously disposed that, by singing them fearlessly, a dazzling effect is obtained. Her drinking-song, and her air in the scene of the *ballet*, are both *encored*. But her French is soft and pointless; and she has not passed through the *Grand Opéra* without serious damage to her voice. The folly of trying to force it upwards has been entered on by her too late. Her beauty of tone is gone,—her certainty of tune is impaired,—and her middle and lower register are considerably weakened. Madame Lauters, again, appears almost declamatory in her great scenes; which also deserve the applause they excite. Her organ—a naturally fine one—has improved in body, and her style in warmth. She does not spare herself on the stage; and though no practised ear can pronounce her complete, it is to be felt that with training she might have become a real *prima donna*. Is it yet too late? Of M. Roger, in memory of past services done, it will be kindness not to speak. M. Obin is excellent; and though without M. Levasseur's biting and metallic voice, is worthy of being named as the artist on whom M. Levasseur's mantle has fallen.

What is to be said of "*Herculanum*" as a spectacle? What is not to be said of it?—might be the reply. As to taste, luxury, colour, variety, splendour, completeness, and improbable probability, the *Grand Opéra* has out-*opera'd* itself in putting this work on the stage. Nothing comparable to it, save, perhaps, "*La Juive*" (in the days when its costumes and scenery were fresh), recurs to us. Then, we cannot close this sketch of a novelty difficult to describe, though not because of its depth, without a note of admiration on Mlle. Emma Livry, the new *dansuse*, and the most promising one who has danced for many a day. She has the lightness, almost the grace, of Mlle. Taglion. Some stiffness in the management of her arms (which Mlle. Fanny Elssler was used to describe as the most difficult branch of the dancer's art) has to be melted away; but in other respects, among contemporary dancers, she is singularly fearless, while elegant. There is youth too, that fairy gift, never to be replaced—in her dancing.

### Sketch of the Life of Beethoven.

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

(Continued from page 12.)

Many circumstances had concurred to induce Beethoven's very rare appearance in public during recent years; among these we may consider his infirmity, which rendered his direction of a performance he could not hear, most embarrassing to all concerned, and fatal to its effect; the greater and greater complexity of his music, which rendered this ever less acceptable to a general audience; and, not less than either, his querulous temper, which, if it made him not public enemies, must have given many a one a secret disinclination to assist in his aggrandisement. He, however, esteemed himself slighted, and regarded with jealousy the ephemeral fashion for Rossini as the cause. Under this impression, arising from the contrast between the profuse honors paid to him a few years earlier and his present retirement, he proposed to produce his last compositions at Berlin, and so revenge the neglect of the Viennese. To prevent this artistic disgrace upon their city, thirty of the most distinguished musicians and lovers of music in the Austrian capital, including his unwavering friends of the Lichnowsky family, signed a memorial, representing their reverence for him, and entreating him to give the first performance of these works in Vienna. Beethoven felt deeply this signal, and, indeed, unique tribute of esteem; but still his suspicious habit led

him to question the sincerity of its purpose; and several letters passed between him and his memorialists, before he would agree to their proposal. The result of this correspondence was a concert at the Kärntnerthor Theatre, May 7, 1824, at which the Overture in C, Op. 124, the Kyrie, Credo, and Agnus from the Mass, and the Choral Symphony were performed. Umlauf, with Beethoven by his side to indicate the tempos, conducted the orchestra, and the theatre was crowded to excess. The applause at the conclusion was tumultuous; but this gave occasion for an incident perhaps the most pathetic in the whole history of Art. He whose renown had called the multitude together, whose genius had kindled the general enthusiasm, stood in the midst insensible to the sounds that stimulated the delight of all around him, insensible to the vociferations that expressed it, until Mesdames Sontag, and Ungler, who had been singing the principal parts, turned his face towards the public, and, by the waving handkerchiefs and the universal motions of excitement, to his organs of sight, the genuine triumph of which his ears refused him testimony. The pealing cheer this spectacle drew from the very hearts of all who witnessed it, penetrated even Beethoven's deafness, and he must have quitted the scene with the consciousness of having set the seal upon his immortality.

He now proposed to himself a series of grand orchestral works; but he was prevented from entering upon this design, by the application of Prince Nicolas Galitzin, a Russian noble, for three violin quartets, of which, for the consideration of seventy-five ducats, he was to have possession for a year before they were published. Beethoven immediately wrote, therefore, the Quartet in E flat; but he was delayed in the fulfilment of his commission by the illness at the beginning of 1825 that obliged him to forego the last proposed visit to London, on the recovery from which he wrote the Quartet in A minor, containing the "Song of Thanksgiving," and then the great Quartet in B flat. M. Schindler, in most unmeasured terms, vilifies the Prince for the non-fulfilment of his contract upon the receipt of the compositions; but he, in 1854, not having till then met with M. Schindler's biography, published in the German, French, and English musical journals, a refutation of the calumny, in the documents that duly acknowledged the stipulated payment.

It had been proposed to Beethoven by Haslinger, the Viennese publisher, to let him print a complete edition of his works, with such corrections or modifications as the composer might choose to make, and with most explicit indications of the tempos and other directions as to the manner in which they should be performed. This suggestion greatly pleased him; but it was coupled with a condition that the same house should have the exclusive right of purchasing, upon a fixed scale of terms, whatever he might write for the future. Such a restriction was quite incompatible with the composer's feeling of independence, and the scheme was therefore rejected. About the time at which we have now arrived, Johann Beethoven (who had proved himself the best man of business in the family, by retiring upon a competent fortune, raised from the sum Ludwig had furnished to start him in the world) recalled his brother's attention to the complete edition, advising him to publish it on his own account. This temptation to become a speculator was very great; but, though much time was spent in calculating its results, and considering how to avoid interference with assigned copyrights, the project was never carried into effect. Extremely interesting, and, perhaps, valuable as it might have been to have had the copious commentary of the composer upon his works, it is scarcely to be regretted that the design of this complete edition was not carried into effect, since, as was the case with Bach, it might have been that, had Beethoven resumed the right of creation over his previous productions, he would have tampered with but to injure them, by altering passages, which, as they stand, delight us all. Old wine should not be put in new bottles, neither can the ideas of a past period be treated anew, when the spirit in which they were conceived has been modified by the various experience of intervening time.

With the considerate design of drawing the emperor's attention to him, and raising him in court esteem, if not gaining for him a court appointment, Beethoven's early steadfast friend, Count Moritz Lichnowsky, procured him a commission to write a Mass for the imperial chapel; he was also besought to compose an opera for Berlin, and, after long protracted discussion, he proceeded so far as to decide upon the national tale of Melusine (that which Mendelssohn has illustrated in his overture) for the subject, and to arrange with the poet Grillparzer, the plan upon which this was to be conducted; further, he projected an oratorio, for which the same author



was to furnish the text, to be called *Der Sieg des Kreuzes*; but neither of these three important intentions was carried into effect.

Another great work for a considerable time occupied his thoughts, and he advanced so far with it, as to make, according to his wont, many sketches of the chief ideas and their development; this was a tenth symphony, to the composition of which he had been urgently pressed by our Philharmonic Society, and to which the earnest attention of his last moments was applied. He left also some fragments of a violin quintet, but this can scarcely have been the work respecting which he corresponded with Ries in 1819, and of the existence of which there is no evidence besides the statement in his letter that it had been sent to London, a statement that seems most mysterious, since, unmarketable as was his music at that period, there were even then far too many persons who felt its intrinsic value for it to be possible that any completed composition can have been lost.

His latest finished composition was the last movement, as it is printed, of the great Quartet in B flat, which he wrote at the request of Artaria, the publisher, in substitution for the fugue, Op. 133, that originally formed the conclusion of this extensive work. The very strong analogy, in the conception and the development, between the movement which was the last fruit of his genius, and several productions of earlier stages in his career, is a striking proof that, whatever of novelty may appear in his so-called third style, this is but the expansion of his original nature, not, as some critics pretend, an aberration from it.

To state succinctly his estimation of other musicians, it may be said that he ranked Handel pre-eminent, but loved the works of Mozart, and revered those he knew (probably a very small proportion) of S. Bach; he spoke slightly of Rossini, thought highly of Schubert, and greeted Weber with a cordiality that proved his admiration. His letter to Cherubini, soliciting his interest to obtain the French king's patronage of the Mass, has less of sincerity in its manner than anything of Beethoven's which has reached us, and we must therefore wait for other testimony of his high appreciation of this composer.

His habits were, to rise early, to write till dinner-time in the middle of the day, to walk for some two hours, during which he arranged his thoughts, and to extemporize on the pianoforte or violin till he went to bed, which was seldom later than ten o'clock. Though disorderly in his dress, he was excessively cleanly in his person; and, however ill-regulated, his household was frugal.

The circumstances here collected, illustrated by Beethoven's music, which teems with the most powerful expression, not of general sentiment, but of personal emotion, suggest the following summary of his character. His large, warm heart glowed with the most ardent feelings of love and friendship, and was alike susceptible of momentary transport, and capable of lasting devotion. His passionate and impulsive nature, perverted by a vexed life, retained its fiery enthusiasm, but manifested this in caprices of temper, irritability of humor, and petulance of manner. The unbounded confidence, proper to so generous a soul as his, was changed into a habit of suspicion, for the more he loved the more he doubted, and himself was ever the chief sufferer from his own distrust of others. How intensely he felt the extremes of anguish and of delight—extremes of which the same temperament is equally susceptible—what nobility, what tenderness, what inflexible determination, what childlike gentleness, evinced as much in yielding as in winning courtesies, what abrupt energy, what graceful docility made up his balance of opposites, is proved abundantly in his writing; and one thing more is obvious from the same everlasting evidence, I mean that total of qualities, jocularly, fun, spontaneity of thought, of feeling, word and deed, which constitutes a jovial good fellow, however this phase of his being may have been masked from his associates by the malady which barred him from free personal communication. His impetuosity rendered him quick to take offence as prompt to resent it, while his enduring love rendered him keenly sensitive to kindness as eternally mindful of it. Independence was with him a principle in maintenance of which he committed many extravagances; but, like all principles, this was an ingraft of the singular vicissitudes of his life upon his original nature, and like all external acquisitions it was the point in his character which he was most sedulous to develop, most eager to display. Whatever of littleness may be charged against him as a man, is to be traced to his greatness as an artist, to the homage he received for this, and to his internal consciousness of it, no less than to the peculiar relationship in which his deafness placed him with the world immediately around him. Such was the Beethoven of the biographer, such

must have been the Beethoven from whom, only, could have emanated those works which incontrovertibly corroborate historical testimony.

To recapitulate that Beethoven originated the scherzo, that he was the first to define the expression of instrumental music, that he gave a new character to dramatic composition, and that, besides extending the forms of construction, he set the example of connecting several movements of an instrumental work; to repeat these technical statistics is to give no idea of the enormous influence this one mighty master exercised upon the progress of his art. To do moderate justice to this comprehensive subject would require a complete investigation of the relative state of music at the death of Mozart, and at the present time; the wide discrepancy that would appear is mainly to be traced to this man's genius, and the palpable effect of which is still in active operation, and will so continue far longer into futurity than vaticination dares anticipate.

His last illness fell upon him in the autumn of 1826; it soon proved to be dropsy; he suffered immensely, and was tapped three times. His groundless fear of poverty caused him, during this period, extreme anxiety, under which he wrote, through Moscheles, to our Philharmonic Society, requesting pecuniary assistance; and, to the lasting honor of this institution be it recorded, the first return of post carried him an order for £100 sterling. This reached him but a few days before his death, but he had no occasion for its use; and on his decease there were found among his effects bank shares to the value of ten times the amount. He died, after several hours' insensibility, at six in the evening, having received the last offices of the church two days before.

He was interred at Währing, a village near Vienna, with great solemnity, all the musicians of the city assisting in the funeral rites, which were witnessed by a concourse of many thousand persons. Thus, the utmost honor was paid to his mortal remains; the homage of all time is due to his immortal memory; and this tribute of the generations his genius has enriched is paid with ever-increasing willingness, as the extending knowledge of his works enlarges the appreciation of their greatness, in the heart-throbs that vibrate with the impassioned strains of his creation.

G. A. M.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### A Plea for the English Finger-Marks.

It is greatly to be deplored that a uniform formula for fingering does not exist. The German teacher fixedly adheres in most instances to his 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, while the English or American ignores the method, *in toto*, in his advocacy of the x, 1, 2, 3, 4; and between the two conflicting systems, pupils, and even well cultivated performers, experience much inconvenience.

Five grains of common sense added to a few moments of sober reflection cannot fail to determine for those who are specially interested in this important question, the immense advantages of the English formula over the German; and while it is a pleasing duty to concede to our Teutonic brethren that profound cultivation of music, theoretically and practically, which is justly claimed for them, it cannot be denied that their established formula for designating the fingering of musical compositions is but poorly adapted to further the rapid improvement of the pupil.

The following arguments in favor of the English mode (x, 1, 2, 3, 4) are hereby offered from a sincere desire to promote, if possible, an unanimous adoption of the same, to the facilitating of the teacher's labors and the material furthering of the pupil's progress.

1st. It is vastly preferable that the thumb should be designated by some mark different from the others, and not as the *first finger*, because pupils, habituated from infancy to term the thumb by its correct appellation, must needs become very much confused, when on commencing the study of music, they suddenly find themselves compelled to regard it as the *first finger*, their actual first finger as the second, and so on. How much easier then to designate the thumb by a x, and the finger which we all recognize as the *first* by the appropriate 1, the second by 2, &c. German teachers have found themselves compelled to abandon the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 formula, from the confusion

occasioned to their American pupils by this practise of terming the thumb the first finger.

2nd. An accomplished organist, violinist and flutist, who had been habituated to the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 formula in Germany, has related to the writer of this, how he found himself confused and worried in his practisings when subsequently he took up the study of the violin, and I found this new branch of his musical studies compelling him to ignore his long acquired style of fingering. Here is a palpable case where, by the testimony of an experienced musician, much annoyance and trouble might have been obviated by an adoption, at the outset, of the English mode, x, 1, 2, 3, 4.

3d. Many eminent German teachers of the pianoforte have declared it for their convenience and interest alike, to use the English or American mode here in the land of their adoption; for their convenience, because of the extreme difficulty to habituate to their own system young persons who were not accustomed to find the thumb designated as the first finger; and for their interest, because the improvement of the pupils, by the more natural formula x, 1, 2, 3, 4, was ever more rapid, and thus more gratifying to their patrons.

4th. Perhaps the most powerful argument in favor of the English mode is to be found in its wonderful assistance to those who possess the faculty of reading at sight, mainly because there does not exist in it that uniformity in the figures, which in the execution of rapid passages is unquestionably confusing, and which renders the German formula objectionable. To explain more fully. It seems more natural that the amateur should read a given passage or movement correctly, when the x, which designates the thumb in the so-called English formula, constantly contrasts boldly with the other figures, thus constituting a valuable cue for his guidance, than when he glances confusedly at the figures appearing indiscriminately, thus—1, 3, 4, 2, 5, 3, 2, 1, 2, &c.

A celebrated divine, who wrote an exceedingly illegible scrawl, the reading whereof puzzled even its writer, was accustomed to mark one word in each sentence with large capitals, which thus furnished him with a cue to the train of his arguments and exhortations, as he glanced hurriedly and confusedly over his manuscript, in the pulpit. Precisely thus does the x for the thumb serve as a landmark, so to say, for the rapidly scanning eye in reading a piece of music,—and when the quick glance falls upon the mark, contrasting boldly with the other figures, the thumb touches correctly and the other figures fall into their proper positions in the most natural manner imaginable.

Although the advocates of the English mode of fingering are annually receiving many accessions to their ranks, the work of bringing about unanimity on this subject should not be allowed to flag; and it is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when the good judgment of teachers, composers, and performers may be apparent in the total ignoring of the German formula, and the consequent furtherance and simplification of the practical features of the "Art divine."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### The Ninth Symphony.

MR. DWIGHT.—The savageness of some of our newspaper criticisms upon the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven has led me to look back to see what was said about it when it was first performed in Boston, in February, 1853. The contrast is quite remarkable, and, if the writers of to-day's criticisms affect the general opinion in regard to that work, a very marked change, as I think for the worse, has taken place in the musical tastes of our people. A single example will serve to make this plain. On the 7th of February, 1853, the *Boston Journal* said: "The new Music Hall was closely packed at the concert of

the Germania Musical Society, on Saturday evening. The Society are deserving of great credit for bringing out so successfully a work which is but seldom performed in Europe. The Ninth Symphony of Beethoven has never before been heard in Boston, and, if we may judge by the favor with which it was received on Saturday evening, its repetition will be speedily demanded." The same paper on the 4th of April, 1859, said, "The Music Hall was quite well filled on Saturday night. \* \* \* Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was again perpetrated, as a set-off and prelude to the real music of the occasion, and the whole force of the 'selects' (some one hundred and fifty) deported themselves according to the prescribed rules laid down in their formula, and, watching closely the leaders of their clique, applauded whatever of the mysterious fiddling or the screechy singing seemed to please their masters. It is lucky that the worshipped maestro, Beethoven, happened to have been the author of this composition, and that the courtesy of a Boston audience was tested in its performance, rather than any other. We trust, now that musicdom has experienced the tedium of hearing this great humbug, it may be shelved, as it is in other portions of the world, where it is known."

A SUBSCRIBER TO THE JOURNAL OF MUSIC.

### Recollections of Signor Ostinelli and his Violin.

(From the Providence Journal.)

"Madame Biscaccianti, in a letter to the editor of a Lowell paper, corrects the impression that her father, Signor Ostinelli, long a favorite with the Boston musical public, had deceased. She says he is still living in her Italian home, in excellent health and spirits."—*Exchange paper.*

I remember well Signor Ostinelli, though never his personal acquaintance. I saw him daily in the street, and heard much in his praise as a musician. He was of middle stature, or a little under, rather stout, with broad shoulders, carried his head a trifle one side, the result of professional habit, and moved with an elastic step. His features were good, and the expression of his countenance lively. A physiognomist would set him down as a man eminently social in his nature, ever ready to render a generous service, and true to his professions. I always looked upon him as the embodiment of honor. He married a daughter of Mr. Hewitt, a musical composer of merit, and I believe at one time a music dealer. Miss H. was beautiful, accomplished, and highly esteemed, both for graceful manners and domestic virtues. Her sister, no less accomplished and esteemed, became the bride of Signor L. Papanti, distinguished as a French horn performer, and who is perhaps better known to the Boston public as a successful professor of the terpsichorean art. Signor Ostinelli, after his marriage, resided for several years in a house on Federal street, a few doors south of the Catholic nunnery, on the corner of Franklin and Federal streets. There, at the window, as I frequently passed, and at other times in the street, with her mother, I saw a lovely girl of two or three years, who inherited the marked qualities of both parents, and whose talents in ripening womanhood have won for her the laurel wreath. Other children I think they had, but of that I am not sure.

To his profession Signor Ostinelli was passionately devoted, and the manner in which he handled his violin, showed plainly that next to his family it held the first place in his affections. He was connected with the orchestra of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, and played a first violin at its oratorios. He was also connected with the orchestra of the old Boston Theatre, and subsequently with that of the Tremont. In those positions I know nothing of him except from common report.

At concerts and oratorios I frequently listened to Signor O's instrumentation, and always with increased admiration. The praise universally accorded him, appeared well deserved. Indeed, after listening to him once and witnessing the zeal with which he entered into the performance, the programme of a concert, however good, without him seemed incomplete.

When, in the war of theatres, the old Boston was vanquished by the mightier and greater popularity of the Tremont, the former was converted into a place of worship, and there, under the ministry of the late Rev. Wm. M. Rogers, was organized a Congregational church and society, now known as the Winter Street Society. The proprietors of the house gave

it the Greek name of "Odeon," and besides the uses above mentioned, it was occupied by the Lowell Institute lectures and by musical associations for concerts and more elaborate performers. The stage was so altered as to provide ample orchestral and choir accommodations, and was furnished with a powerful organ. This inaugurated a new era in the history of music in Boston, and dates the period of a rapid advancement in that city of musical taste and culture.

On one occasion, through the courtesy of the late "Prof." I. B. Woodbury, who was then just entering upon a musical career of extraordinary success, I was present in the Odeon, at the rehearsal of an oratorio. The orchestra and choir were large. Among the prominent violinists were Ostinelli and Schmidt, a German, I suppose, as his name indicates, and then a new favorite with the public. The contrast between these artists was the contrast of a winged Mercury and the statue of Repose. Their styles of manipulation, or perhaps I should say, of "fingering" and "bowing," were as unlike as their personal appearance. Schmidt, tall, slender, graceful in every motion, with long raven hair setting off a face spirituelle and classic; Ostinelli, as before described. Comer, ("honest Tom," so called,) if I mistake not, was conductor, and flourished his baton with the dignity of a king of song. When the signal for preparation to open the instrumental prelude was given, each musician placed himself in readiness at his stand, and on the second signal, my attention was drawn to the peculiarities of these celebrated, though not rival, performers. Schmidt stood erect, towering like a Norway pine, above the forest of heads, his head thrown slightly back, the base of his viol resting lightly upon the left clavicle. He drew a long bow, with deliberate motion, moving the forearm only, and eliciting from his cherished instrument tones thrilling as inspiration and sweet as the harp of Æolus. Ostinelli burned with the fire of an Italian nature. He grasped his viol with nervous energy, thrust its base against his dexter shoulder, bent his neck till his chin came in close proximity with its bridge, threw his body forward, as an athlete preparing for the Isthmian contest, and as the music proceeded, and the vocal department poured forth strains of melody "as the voice of many waters," his whole being seemed absorbed, and for the moment endued with electric force. His left foot advanced, he leaned more earnestly towards the score, his frame swayed to and fro as if to mark time with even more exactness than the monarch of the hour; his countenance kindled with almost superhuman enthusiasm, while the bow arm, by the celerity of its movements, declared better than words can describe the struggle of a spirit attuned to harmonious sounds, to give expression to its deep emotions. And then, such strains, in response to a master's touch! so full, so pure, so true in their rendering to the composer's conceptions, and so uplifting to the soul of the listener!—strains such as Ostinelli alone could draw from the instrument of his power!

It was worth a long journey to see these men stand side by side, and to behold in every movement and in every lineament of their expressive countenances, manifestations of the inspirations with which they glowed. I have never heard Ole Bull, nor Strakosch, nor Vieuxtemps, nor any of the violinists who have astonished crowds by exhibitions of their skill upon a single string; but I deem it no common privilege to have heard the artists of whom I write, and I am sure, that in all that constitutes genius, and imparts to the violin its noblest honor, Ostinelli and Schmidt, in their day, stood without peers. The latter has passed to a higher sphere,\* to find, I trust, in angel symphonies, delights for a nature baptized on earth into the divine art. Some years ago, on my occasional visits to Boston, I missed the familiar form of Signor Ostinelli, and supposed he had followed on to join the "shadowy band." Pleasantly has the paragraph at the head of this paper, corrected the error I had sadly entertained; and as I recall the memories of youth, and still feel the power of an instrument made magical in the hands of one who never knew me, I rejoice that he still enjoys a green old age, and lives to witness the perpetual reputation of the father, in the musical success of the accomplished daughter—Madame Biscaccianti. S.

\* This too is a mistake; he "still lives," or was living, very recently, among the hills of the Rhine.—Ed.

TOMASCHKE. Moved by the admiration expressed for this Polish composer, in some recent communication in these columns, the "Diarrist" sends us the following extracts.

(From the *Leipziger Allg. Mus. Zeitung*, Aug. 13, 1866.)

Speaking of the Augarten concerts in Vienna, the writer says;

"A new symphony by Tomaschek was heard with nothing but disapprobation, and by the votes of the connoisseurs excluded from the circles of the beautiful and the grand. Genius, strength, and originality are in equal degree wanting; it is in its thoughts as common as it is tedious and miserable in their working out."

In October the same year, the *Zeitung* prints a letter from Prag in which the said symphony (in C) is said to have been received there with "the loudest applause"—and the Vienna writer's opinion is accounted for on the ground that it was wretchedly given in the Augarten, without rehearsal, and that there is a disposition in the capital to ignore the merits of the Prag composer, because the Prag public had not been pleased with the symphony of Vienna's favorite. Beethoven? No: Eberl.

From the same, January, 1811.

"Tenth Concert, (in Leipzig). New Symphony by Tomaschek of Prag, just published by Breitkopf and Härtel. It is a lively, rich, and, when well executed, — to which however not a little is necessary — effective piece of music. The introductory Adagio is indeed too long, and, considering the character of the whole, too gloomy; the Allegro — notable for strength and variety; Andante very pleasing; Scherzando odd, wild, piquant; Finale intoxicating. The composer delights in modulations decided, and not seldom harsh, and in them employs too often certain favorite forms; but as a whole the symphony is a new proof of the young composer's fine talent and industry."

Notice of the Gewandhaus concerts, from the same, Feb. 1817. Speaking of Symphonies, it is said, "No. 7, (by Beethoven) the newest received within the last few weeks from Vienna, in A major and minor. This work, so full of genius, art, and soul, the andante and scherzo of which we place among the most beautiful specimens of this kind of music, and, upon which this journal recently gave an extended criticism — excited, and especially upon being repeated, by request, the liveliest enthusiasm."

"There was one in the series by Tomaschek; a symphony still in manuscript, in D and G, hardly one of his more recent compositions, and, though it shows insight and skill, still rather dry and cold."

[From the Independent.]

### The Over Heart.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

For of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things, to whom be glory forever! [Paul.]

Above, below, in sky and sod,  
In leaf and spar, in star and man,  
Well might the sage Athenian scan  
The geometric signs of God,  
The measured order of His plan.

And India's mystics sang aright  
Of the One Life pervading all,  
One Being's tidal rise and fall  
In soul and form, in sound and sight,  
Eternal outflow and recall.

God is: and man in guilt and fear  
The central fact of nature owns;  
Kneels, trembling, by his altar-stones,  
And darkly dreams the ghastly smear  
Of blood appeases and atones.

Guilt shapes the terror: deep within  
The human heart the secret lies  
Of all the hideous deities;  
And painted on a ground of sin,  
The fabled gods of torment rise!

And what is he? The ripe grain nods,  
The sweet dew falls, the sweet flowers blow,  
Rut darker signs His presence show:  
The earthquake and the storm are God's,  
And good and evil interflow.

Oh, hearts of love! Oh, souls that turn  
Like sunflowers to the pure and best!  
To you the truth is manifest:



land! See, see the land, see the land! . . . yes, land! . . .  
Land! Schon ja schon seh' ich das Land! . . . das Land! . . .

land! See! see the land, see the land! . . . yes, land! . . .  
Land! Schon ja schon seh' ich das Land! . . . das Land! . . .

land! See! see the land, see the land! . . . yes, land! . . .  
Land! Schon ja schon seh' ich das Land! . . . das Land! . . .

land! See! see the land, see the land! . . . yes, land! . . .  
Land! Schon ja schon seh' ich das Land! . . . das Land! . . .

yes, land! A Der  
das Land!

yes, land!  
das Land!

yes, land! The clouds roll a - sunder,  
das Land! Die Ne - bel zer - reissen,

yes, land!  
das Land!

*Sempre pianissimo.*

bright sky is o'er us,  
Him - mel ist hel - le, *f* The Die

And Ae - o - lus loos - ens the wea - risome band, *p* *Cres.* *f* The  
Und Ae - o - lus lö - set das ängst - li - che Band, *p* *Cres.* *f* Die

And Ae - o - lus loos - ens the wea - risome band, *p* *Cres.* *f* The  
Und Ae - o - lus lö - set das ängst - li - che Band, *p* *Cres.* *f* Die

*Cres.*

clouds roll a - sunder, *f* A bright sky is o'er us, And Ae - o - lus loos - ens the wea - risome *sf*  
Ne - bel zerreis - sen, Der Him - mel ist hel - le, Und Ae - o - lus lö - set das ängstli - che *ff*

clouds roll a - sunder, *f* A bright sky is o'er us, And Ae - o - lus loos - ens the wea - risome *sf*  
Ne - bel zerreis - sen, Der Him - mel ist hel - le, Und Ae - o - lus lö - set das ängstli - che *ff*

clouds roll a - sunder, *f* A bright sky is o'er us, And Ae - o - lus loos - ens the wea - risome *sf*  
Ne - bel zerreis - sen, Der Him - mel ist hel - le, Und Ae - o - lus lö - set das ängstli - che *ff*

clouds roll a - sunder, *f* A bright sky is o'er us, And Ae - o - lus loos - ens the wea - risome *sf*  
Ne - bel zerreis - sen, Der Him - mel ist hel - le, Und Ae - o - lus lö - set das ängstli - che *ff*

*Loco.*

*f* *ff* *sf*

*fp* wea - risome band, And Ae - o - lus loos - ens the  
 ängst - li - che Band, und Ae - o - lus lö - set das

band, Ae - o - lus, Ae - o - lus loos - ens the  
 Band, Ae - o - lus, Ae - o - lus lö - set das

band, Ae - o - lus loos - ens, and Ae - o - lus loos - ens the  
 Band, Ae - o - lus lö - set, und Ae - o - lus lö - set das

band, Ae - o - lus loos - ens the wea - risome band, Ae - o - lus loos - ens the  
 Band, Ae - o - lus lö - set das ängst - li - che Band, Ae - o - lus lö - set das

*fp* *fp* *fp* *f*

A few voices. (Einige Stimmen.) TUTTI.

wea - risome band. The winds whistle wild - ly, The sail - or be-  
 ängst - li - che Band. Es säu - seln die Win - de, Es rührt sich der

wea - risome band. The winds whistle wild - ly,  
 ängst - li - che Band. Es säu - seln die Win - de,

wea - risome band.  
 ängst - li - che Band.

wea - risome band.  
 ängst - li - che Band.

*p* *f*

stirs him,  
Schiffer.

*TUTTI.*  
The waves part be-  
Es theilt sich die

*A few voices. (Einige Stimmen.)* *TUTTI.*  
The winds whistle wild - ly, The sail - or be - stirs him, And swift - ly! O  
Es säu - seln die Win - de, Es rührt sich der Schiffer. Geschwin - de! Ge-

The winds whistle wild - ly,  
Es säu - seln die Win - de,

*fp*

fore us,  
Welle,

The distant is nearing;  
Es naht sich die Ferne;

O swift - ly! O swift - ly! O swift - ly! O  
Geschwin - de! Geschwin - de! Geschwin - de! Ge-

swift - ly! O swift - ly! O swift - ly!  
schwin - de! Geschwin - de! Geschwin - de!

The wave parts before us,  
Es theilt sich die Welle,

The distant is  
Es naht sich die



For they the mind of Christ discern  
Who lean like John upon his breast!

In him of whom the Sybil told,  
For whom the prophet's harp was toned,  
Whose need the sage and magian owned,  
The loving heart of God behold,  
The hope for which the ages groaned?

Fade pomp of dreadful imagery  
Wherewith mankind have deified  
Their hate and selfishness and pride!  
Let the scared dreamer wake to see  
The Christ of Nazareth at his side!

What doth that holy Guide require?—  
No rite of pain, nor gift of blood,  
But, man a kindly brotherhood,  
Looking, where duty is desire,  
To him, the beautiful and good.

Gone be the faithlessness of fear;  
And let the pitying heaven's sweet rain  
Wash out the altar's bloody stain,  
The law of Hatred disappear,  
The law of Love alone remain.

How fall the idols false and grim!—  
And lo! their hideous wreck above  
The emblems of the Lamb and Dove!  
Man turns from God not God from him,  
And guilt, in suffering, whispers Love!

The world sits at the feet of Christ  
Unknowing, blind, and unconsoled;  
It yet shall touch His garment's fold,  
And feel the heavenly Alchemist  
Transform its very dust to gold.

The theme befitting angel tongues  
Beyond a mortal's scope has grown,  
On heart of mine! with reverence own  
The fulness which to it belongs,  
And trust the unknown for the known!

#### A New Band.

The *Courier* of Monday gives the following account of Mr. GILMORE'S CONCERT.—The first appearance of Mr. Gilmore's new band last Saturday evening gave assurance of much success in its future operations. The audience was immense, and the applause abundant, compelling many encores not anticipated. The formation of a thorough and complete military band has been the object of Mr. Gilmore's efforts, and he has done better and gone farther in this direction than any of his predecessors. Hitherto we have had only brass bands regularly organized, all attempts to combine a well balanced body of brass and reed instruments having failed. Mr. Gilmore seems to have effected this arrangement, and declares himself determined to perpetuate it. His military band consists of some thirty-five members, among whom are the proper proportion of players upon reed instruments—flutes, clarinets, hautboys, bassoons. In the disposition of the brass department, some thought has been given to more harmonious, and less noisy, combinations than are common among us. The band altogether is formed very much in the manner of the German military bands, although of course on a smaller scale. The performances last Saturday night were good, and will undoubtedly be better as the band grows older. The Drum Corps, thirteen in number, deported themselves vigorously. The effect of their united exertions suggested the Rolling of the Spheres. Their performance was certainly very remarkable, and in many ways calculated to inspire profound respect. There was not the variation of a second's fraction in their movements, and we are confident we never before heard so much noise so well made. Mr. Mariani, with his staff of office, looked every inch a Drum Major, and as Nature has supplied him with a great many inches, to which he adds a considerable number by a towering hat and plume, he is, aggregately, about the most imposing human creature that ever astonished the eyes of a Boston audience. Mr. Gilmore's orchestra also performed some pieces very well, and the concert, altogether, was received with so much favor that it is to be repeated next Saturday evening at the Music Hall.

The feature of the last Wednesday Afternoon Concert was Beethoven's Second Symphony in D, which was rendered with great nicety by Zerrahn's little orchestra. There was no concert this week, but there will be one next Wednesday, and as these are our last orchestral opportunities now left, all the Symphony lovers ought to go.

## Fine Arts.

### Thomas Ball, Sculptor.

STATUE OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.—It has been proposed, and the proposition meets with favor among many prominent members of the legislature, to appropriate \$10,000 from the State Treasury for the procurement of a statue of the "old man eloquent," to be placed within the State House grounds. The suggestion has been made that Mr. Thomas Ball be secured as the artist to perform the work.—*Boston Transcript*, April 5.

We have never learned that the proposition referred to in the above paragraph has resulted in any action, and we notice it simply for the purpose of expressing our concurrence with the suggestion with which it closes, as to the artist who should be selected for this memorial. Mr. Ball has, by years of patient labor in that department of Art in which he ultimately found his true talent to lie, after long toiling in another direction with but indifferent success, won a reputation among his brother artists, among the lovers of Art, and, by the beautiful copies in bronze, in parian, and in plaster, of some of his most successful productions, the statuettes of Webster and Clay, last, and never least, has won a reputation among the people, as a sculptor who, without descending from the dignity of art, gives to the people the forms of the men whom they knew, as they knew them.

It is, perhaps, not generally known that in Mr. Ball's studio now stands (as it did when the commission for the Webster statue was sent to Florence several years ago) the model of a statue of the great orator, nearly equal in size to that in the Athenæum, which, in the popular judgment, in the universal judgment, would be held to be the "vera effigies" of Daniel Webster. The face, the head, the figure, the attitude, the expression, are all true to the life as we all of us remember that unequalled face and form, which once seen can never be forgotten, as the most imposing human face and figure ever seen. Let it once be placed where all can freely see and criticize it and we have no question what the unanimous verdict of the public voice will be. The bronze abortion from Florence would blush, were it conscious, to find itself side by side with the plaster figure in Summer Street. No height of pedestal can ever supply a body within that stiff coat, or give easy folds to its rigid texture. Place it high or low, it will be, after all, a bust of Webster, as he (never) was thirty years ago, surmounting a mannikin appareled in his clothes; apparently, the work of an artist as to the head, given to some mechanic of the studio to be fitted to the semblance of a body. We say nothing as to Mr. Ball's statue, which is, in its main features, like the well known statuette. We only invite the public to go and see it.

Another work of the artist will attract the attention of those who may visit his studio—a design for an equestrian statue of WASHINGTON, the most inspiring subject for an American artist, who has the genius to design something nobler than the image of a man in small clothes upon a rearing horse. We are of the opinion that the artist in this, too, has achieved a success deserving of a larger scale, in which it would make for itself the widest fame. We say no more about it and leave criticism to those more competent to criticize thoroughly, and again invite attention to this work, confident that it will bear candid criticism.

Mr. Ball, known to us long as a musical amateur, who has for years done good service in our public performances, has claims upon a musical journal, devoted in some degree to the sister Arts, for a recognition of his success in the sphere which he has chosen. The modesty with which he has always put forth his claims, or we should rather say, shrunk from pressing them, when he might well have done so, will, in the long run, be no disadvantage to the permanent success, which we are strongly confident he must attain.

THE ATHENÆUM EXHIBITION is now open. By invitation of the Director of the Exhibition, Mr. ALFRED ORDWAY, a large company of ladies and gentlemen, embracing all the artists and well known lovers of Art of this vicinity, had the opportunity of a private view of the Gallery on Monday (4th). The collection, as yet, is not very extensive, but will doubtless be daily increased as the season advances, but it includes many fine works of Art that are new, beside some of the best of the permanent collection of the Athenæum.

The occasion was an exceedingly pleasant one, the day being fine, and the company numerous and congenial. The rooms were all exquisitely adorned with flowers in profuse quantity and of rare beauty, which added not a little to the brilliancy of the occasion, as has also been the case in the Artists' Receptions during the past season. Of course, this was not the time to take more than a very hurried glance at the new pictures presented, but it was easy to perceive that there is much here to repay frequent visits during the season just opened. We shall therefore offer nothing at this time in regard to the merits of the collection. Prominent among the new pictures is Page's *Venus*, concerning the merits of which there has been considerable controversy, and which will, now that it is publicly exhibited, call out much more. Landscapes by our best resident artists are there, too, in good force; fine crayon portraits, among the best of which are those of Emerson, and Stillman the artist, by Rowse; a number of pictures by Babcock attract attention by their coloring. In the department of water-color are some by Wheelock and Mrs. Bodichon, with some finely executed copies of the Vatican frescoes (not from the Capitol at Washington, as we heard from some fair young lips). There are few portraits, but conspicuous among them is a striking one of Judge Thomas (late of the Supreme Court of this State), we believe by Wight.

As there were no catalogues ready on Monday, it is difficult to recall many other noteworthy works, and we are therefore obliged to leave a more particular notice of the collection for a later period in the season. In the Sculpture Gallery we noticed not much that is new, as compared with the last season; but the room is well filled, and offers much that will be of interest to those who have not recently visited it.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 5.—You have forestalled me with your announcement of Mr. EISELDE's safe arrival from Fayal, but it remains for me to tell you of the cordial welcome with which he has met here on every side. His return, unexpected to the majority, has created quite a sensation among his many friends and the musical world in general; and the members of the Philharmonic Society already announce a "Grand Welcome Concert" for next Saturday, when I hope the public will prove that they, too, share in the general rejoicing.

The concert will be given at the Academy; the Eroica and the cooperation of Messrs. Mills and P. Mayer are spoken of with certainty, and it is said that so many artists have offered their services for the occasion, that it will be difficult to find room for them all on the programme. Mr. Eisfeld has not yet entirely recovered his strength, and looks thin and worn, though the sea-voyage has covered his face with a healthy brown. He has apparently not lost his old flow of spirits, yet the indelible impression necessarily left by the fearful scenes he has passed through is evident. He seems very happy to be at home once more, and cannot say enough of the kindness and sympathy that have been shown him everywhere, by word, deed, and letter. He is very desirous to go to work again, as soon as he is strong

enough; it is only to be hoped that he will indeed wait till then, and not over-exert himself by premature activity. When he does return to his labors, we shall appreciate them doubly, from having so sorely needed their results the past winter.

Last night a complimentary concert was given to Mrs. LUCY ESCOTT at Chickering's rooms. This lady has lately been quite unfortunate, having met with reverses and domestic misfortunes of various kinds. It is therefore much to be regretted that no better preparatory measures should have been taken to make her concert successful. It was hardly advertised; a short general notice being all that appeared in the papers about it a few times, and very little being said about it in private circles. So it happened that I was not present and can only say from what I have been told, that the hall, small in itself, was only just filled, but that the entertainment went off very smoothly and well. Mrs. ESCOTT herself, Miss BRAINERD, MESSRS. MILLARD, MIRANDA, MASON, MORGAN (what a row of M's!) and BEAMES were the performers; the programme was a miscellaneous one.

Wagner's *Tannhäuser* is being given at a little German theatre in the Bowery, under Bergmann's direction; rather a daring enterprise? The solo parts are but indifferently filled, while the chorusses, sustained by the Arion Society, are said to be finely given. I can tell you more when I have heard it.

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PITTSFIELD, APRIL 6. — I had the pleasure of being present last evening at the annual Soirée given by the pupils of the Mendelssohn Musical Institute, at the close of their third year.

The music performed was as usual noticeable for the classical purity of the selection, no piece being among the number which was not choice, and well adapted for the occasion and performers, as you will see by the programme which I send you.

#### PART FIRST.

1. Overture to "Iphigénie en Aulide," Gluck.  
Misses F. A. Buel and W. R. Noble.
2. Song. "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges," (Upon the wings of Song.) Mendelssohn.  
Miss C. E. Gardner.
3. Sonata in G. Clementi.  
Miss C. Barrows.
4. Two-Part Song. "Greeting," Mendelssohn.  
Misses Gardner and Wilson.
5. Sonata in D. Beethoven.  
Misses H. B. Taylor and L. M. Delano.
6. Song. "Laise, laise," (Prayer from the Opera "Der Freyschütz.") Von Weber.  
Miss W. R. Noble.
7. Rondo Capriccioso. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.  
Miss M. A. Wilson.
8. Vocal Trio. Concone.  
Misses Gardner, Noble, and Barrows.
9. Sonata, with Variations. Mozart.  
Miss Frances A. Buel.

#### PART SECOND.

- Grand Symphony, No. 5, C minor. Beethoven.  
Misses M. A. Wilson and M. W. Merrill.

When all do well, it is difficult to specify, and I can only say that I can but wish that you could have been present to enjoy the occasion with me, and to realize the effects of the good work that is going on so silently, in diffusing a knowledge of so pure and refined a style of music, thereby affording a high source of enjoyment to many.

The songs, simple and beautiful in themselves, yet affording ample room for the highest degree of skill, were very finely rendered by young ladies who gave evidence of a good degree of cultivation of voice. Beethoven's Grand Symphony (No. 5) in C minor, for four hands, which made a part of the programme, was performed upon a fine Grand Piano, of Hallet & Davis's manufacture, and was all that could be expected by those who know that a grand Orchestra

only is equal to its perfect representation. The young ladies not only merited much credit by its performance, but increased the respect of all who appreciated it, for themselves, by their earnest and enthusiastic entering into the ideas and imaginings of its creating genius. They who can do this, have entered upon a path which leads ever onward and upward, even to a union with those spirits which incite to such noble aspirations. The mere study of such works ennobles and expands the soul and aids the imagination in forming some idea of the capacities of the wonderful Tone-Art.

The Catalogue of this Institute, recently published exhibits quite definitely the objects and aims of its Principal, and I am sure if your correspondent from Berlin (A. W. T.) could become acquainted with its operations, he would rejoice that in one little corner of his country at least, his ideas of teaching, both in singing (as represented in his letter of Feb. 10th) and in instrumental music, have been practised with earnestness, for some years, though their influence has not been as extended as he and we all could wish.

It is a system which pupils and teachers are not generally ready or willing to adopt, and which will only be brought about in this country by the arduous and self-sacrificing labors of a few devoted spirits.

AMATEUR.

NEW HAVEN, CT., APRIL 7. — The "Mendelssohn Society" has just given its first concert here, after some four months practice under the efficient direction of our Yale "Capellmeister," Prof. G. J. STOECKEL. The 1st. Methodist Episcopal Church was nearly filled, and we have no hesitation in saying the expectations of the audience were more than realized. Part First of the programme was made up entirely of selections from the oratorio "St. Paul," and recollecting the short time the Society has had for rehearsal, they have every reason to feel proud of their success and encouraged to future effort. They now number about fifty performing members, including a fine orchestra of resident amateurs and professional artists. The opening Chorus, "Lord, thou alone," &c., was finely given; as also No. 5, "Now this man." No. 7, "Happy and blest," seemed too slow. Of the ever beautiful air, "Jerusalem," it is really not too much to say it was sung well. The vocalist, Mrs. LAUER, has a fine, sympathetic, but not very powerful voice and proved herself an artist; she was heartily encored. The accompaniment by the orchestra could scarcely have been bettered. Messrs. Goodall and Howard did the "Ambassadors" quite excellently.

Part II was miscellaneous, consisting of: 1. Overture: "Stradella," Flotow. 2. Chorus: "Tannhäuser," R. Wagner. 3. Duetto: "Don Pasquale," Donizetti. 4. Overture: "Magic Bell," Herold. 5. Miserere: "Il Trovatore," Verdi. 6. Choral March, Becker.

The "Don Pasquale" duet by Mrs. ATWATER and Mr. KIRKLAND was repeated, as it deserved to be; also the Choral march by Becker for mixed voices, which is a very vigorous and spirited composition; we recommend it to the attention of amateur musical societies generally. We understand that this, their first success, will enable the Society to purchase several instruments which they need, and which were temporarily obtained from New York for the occasion. The Society is established. \* c \*

NEW YORK, APRIL 11. — The Concert of the Philharmonic Society, in welcome to Mr. EISENFELD, came off on Saturday, at the Academy, and was very satisfactory in every respect but that of attendance. There were hardly more than a thousand persons present, and these, scattered about in the spacious house, looked even fewer. The fault lay partly in the fact of the affair having been arranged at such

short notice — too short for it to become generally known, or for the circulation of tickets, and in the programme not being advertised beforehand. Aside from this, however, it was unpardonable that a musician so well and so honorably known here as Mr. EISENFELD, should not, on his return after so terrible an experience, meet with more sympathy and interest than were evinced in the thin audience that attended his benefit concert. There was, however, one highly satisfactory feature; those who were present, had evidently come to listen; the fashionable magpies of the Philharmonic Concerts were those who had staid away, and they, after all, were the least missed.

The programme was miscellaneous, as much so as were the ability and style of the performers. It was this:

PART I. — 1. Sinfonia Eroica, No. 3, in E flat; Beethoven. 2. Bolero, from "Les Vepres Siciliennes"; Verdi: Miss Juliana May. 3. Grand Duo, for piano and violin, on themes from "Don Pasquale"; Hermann and Gorla: Messrs. Richard Hoffmann and Burke.

PART II. — 4. Concert-Overture, in F minor: Theo. Eisfeld. 5. Song, "The Green Trees Whisper"; Balfe: Miss Maria Brainard. 6. Concert Paraphrase, for the Piano, on the Wedding March and Fairy Dance from Mendelssohn's Midsummer-night's Dream; Franz Liszt: Mr. S. B. Mills. 7. Lied, "Teher, all du," (Thou Everywhere); F. Lachner: Mr. Philip Mayer. 8. Adagio et Rondo, for solo cornet-a-piston; Louis Schreier: Herr Louis Schreier. 9. Tyrolienne, "In questo semplice"; Donizetti: Miss Juliana May. 10. Overture, "The Jubilee," in E: Weber. Conductor, Mr. Carl Bergmann.

On such occasions criticism is disarmed, and it is only necessary to say that all tried to do their best. The Symphony, which is, if I mistake not, Mr. Eisfeld's favorite, was glorious as ever, and for those of us who had heard the one in B flat that same afternoon, at the Philharmonic rehearsal, it was exceedingly interesting to compare these two grand tone-poems of the greatest of masters. As you will have seen, Mr. Eisfeld conducted his own overture himself; on his appearance he was greeted with a storm of applause which seemed inexhaustible until he quelled it by a few simple and appropriate words. May he long continue to occupy the post which he resumed on that occasion; not, however, to the exclusion of Mr. Bergmann, whose valuable services as conductor we cannot afford to lose entirely. The functions of the baton should be divided between the two, who are equally able to exercise them.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 12. — "Trovatore," it seems, "does not read the papers," else how could he say that *Tannhäuser* was not advertised in any but German papers? We received our information through the advertising columns of the *Tribune*. It has now been performed with decided success three times in the "Stadt Theater." It has not been "an exclusively German affair." The Theater is not eligibly situated, and is withal any thing but an attractive spot. The management is perhaps inefficient, and has not given it the prominence that such a work as *Tannhäuser* deserves. But those, both Americans and Germans, who have listened to the, in many respects, excellent performance, have enjoyed themselves, and though but a taste of Wagner, it was to them an evening of deep interest. You will undoubtedly receive, perhaps from "—t—," a detailed account of the Opera.

It is certainly a matter of rejoicing, that the good father of the 16th Street Roman Catholic Church has stopped those "free" Concerts on Sunday Afternoons. If those who attended simply on account of the musical attraction, could but have listened to Mozart's Haydn's, Weber's, Mercadante's Pergolesi's, Beethoven's Masses, &c., the matter would have been somewhat different. But the cannonadings, as it might be properly called, of the veriest flimsiest trash, not as good as Verdi even could write, are too much to be endured. Think of the noisiest strains in *Il Trovatore* being sung to the Psalter and Chants of the Roman Catholic Church! We cannot be too



thankful, that "Gregory" has again come into that church. And Protestants and Roman Catholics alike need the Gregories to reform the increasing abuses in the Churches. The audience in the Jesuit Church really is not as well behaved as the one at the Philharmonic Society, and that is bad enough. The people are noisy, talk and laugh aloud, and the whole Sunday afternoon performance is a disgrace. It is to be hoped that such "glorious days of the sixteenth street church music," are numbered with the past." S. L.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 16, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Chorus: "Becalmed at Sea, and Prosperous Voyage" (*Meeres-stille und Glückliche Fahrt*), by BEETHOVEN, continued.

### What the Winter has done for us, musically, in Boston.

Our musical season has about run its course. A few Afternoon Concerts, a few benefits, a flying re-visit of the Ullman Opera, or what there is left of it, and there will be nothing more, the summer long, but the barrel organs and brass bands, to aggravate dog-day sensations. A glance back on the winter's concerts, oratorios, operas, &c., is not barren of results. There has been, to be sure, no *furor*; no feverish passion (or fashion) for any kind of concert-going has possessed the people. There have been not over-many concerts. Nor have we had the chance of listening to much that was new to Boston ears. But there has been a good, wholesome, frequent succession of performances, in which most of the music produced has been of a sterling quality, including much of the very noblest order, and reviving the impression of very many of those inspiring great or fine works which no really musical community can know too much of. Several of the grander anticipations of past years, too, have in these last months for the first time been realized to us.

Look first at the Orchestral Concerts. These, we believe, do more than any other form of musical entertainment, to excite the musical appetite, sharpen the musical perceptions, enlarge the understanding, and feed the imagination and the soul of listeners. There is a vividness and a richness about the orchestra, a sharpness of outline, a wealth of contrasted color, and a charm of endless complexity as well as massive grandeur, which makes it the most telling medium of musical expression. And then the impressions that it gives us are those of *pure music*, music in itself and answering for itself, not borrowing accidental interest from words, or scenery, or action. Our opportunities in this kind have been due to Mr. ZERRAHN. We have had six noble Saturday evening concerts, besides the lighter ones each Wednesday afternoon. These together have renewed for us the glories of nearly all of the nine Beethoven Symphonies, — all, we believe, with the exception of the *Eroica*, and the No. 8; — also the "Jupiter" and that in E flat of Mozart, the "Scotch" and the "Italian" Symphonies of Mendelssohn, and one or two by Haydn. Not a long list, but considering the manner in which they have been performed by the orchestra of fifty, now decidedly the best we ever had, a choice and rich one. The two complete performances of the Choral Symphony alone are a

rich yield for one season. That work is now a grand possession for us, finally conquered, let us trust, for our whole future; as sure to be demanded and to figure in each winter's programmes, as the older favorites. Then, too, we have had the "Egmont" music for another new gain (only it should have been repeated, unmarred by the reading); and we have had a masterly rendering of Beethoven's Violin Concerto — at least its principal movement; and for overtures, nothing new, but edifying revivals of the "Leonora," the "Fidelio," the "Oberon," the "Freyschütz," the "Egmont," besides the popular favorites by Rossini, Meyerbeer, Auber, &c. The audiences for all this have not been crowds, except on two occasions, and those the best, in the scale of real artistic excellence: the Beethoven night (Choral Symphony) and the Benefit to Mr. Trenkle. But they have been generally large; Mr. Zerrahn must have been decently well rewarded for his pains; and the best is, we do not hesitate to say, that never have our audiences shown themselves so truly interested, so appreciative of the best and greatest works performed, while trivial and hacknied things have been tolerated for the pleasure of the young, or the dull in musical perceptions. Truly we can speak here of marked progress; the average intelligence, discrimination and appreciation of our audiences this winter has been quite above the too common standard of the public critics.

In Oratorio, always hitherto the peculiar boast of Boston, the account is meagre and somewhat discouraging. The Handel and Haydn Society is now sole occupant of the field once occupied by three societies; yet, after the annual Christmas performance of the "Messiah," (which stooped to pick up coppers, as it were, by migrating from the wonted Hall to the Theatre), they have given us nothing of any note or novelty but one single performance of the sublime "Israel in Egypt" — a noble effort, deeply, heartily appreciated by the few, not enough so by the many, and therefore all the more needing repetition till it should make its mark, as it is always sure to do when it becomes familiar. But the precocious oracles of reporter criticism, together with the fear of further risks, prevailed to the withdrawal of "Israel," (even to the absurd caprice of a temporary obscuration here of HANDEL!) and the substitution of a worn-out local fancy of the greener days of musical taste in Boston, to-wit: Neukomm's "David." Neukomm's greatness is exclusively a musical fancy confined to this locality. We do not read in any of the musical reports of Germany, France, England, of any work of his having been for years taken from the shelf. He belongs as a composer to the uninspired, respectable no-geniuses, the "*göttliche Philister*" whom the Germans are most willing to let sleep. Here in Boston an accidental popularity attached fifteen years ago to "David." Some still remembered it with pride, and thought to recover what was sunk through "Israel," but setting up this golden calf once more. The experiment has worked badly for the immediate, the financial end, but not badly for Art. Two performances of "David" have failed to kindle much of real interest either in the singers or the listeners. We have got beyond the admiration of that style of thing.\* The next reaction must be, stronger than ever, back in the direction of great masters and great works.

We make a note here of one thing. The singers in the Handel and Haydn Chorus probably represent, as well as any two or three hundred persons whom you could select, the average taste and likings of the musical audiences of Boston. What would carry the vote in the chorus ranks to-day would be sure to be ratified by a general Music Hall audience — to-morrow if not instantly. Now we found the great majority of the singers getting more and more deeply interested and enthusiastic about "Israel in Egypt," with each successive evening spent in its rehearsal; while the same majority went mechanically and wearily through their task in "David."

It was their corporate duty to their brethren in the minority alone that nerved them to the work. The same experience as in "Israel" will that majority bear witness to regarding their study and performance of the choral movement in the Ninth Symphony. Let this thought encourage the Society to aim high and to persevere with faith another season.

Meanwhile, early in May, there is to be a Benefit Concert of the Handel and Haydn Society, with the voluntary assistance of the orchestra and resident vocalists, to aid in making good their losses. Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," and we trust, other things as good, will be performed; and we earnestly hope and believe that the lovers of great sacred music, who are so numerous in Boston, will see to it that this be indeed a benefit.

We have yet to glance back also over our experience in Chamber Concerts and in Opera.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

Miss LIZZIE D. CHAPMAN'S Concert, given to aid her in procuring musical instruction in Europe, takes place at the Tremont Temple this evening. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club will play several pieces; Mr. C. R. ADAMS and others will sing; Mr. HAUSE, the pianist, will play; and, if there should not be an afternoon opera in New York, ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, also, will be here to sing. . . . At the last Afternoon Concert of the ORCHESTRAL UNION the Symphony was the "Surprise" by Haydn — graceful, elegant, but tame after hearing the great things of Beethoven. The one thing in the programme of unflinching charm was the "Oberon" overture, which was nicely rendered. A Launer waltz, a Gungl polka, a Strauss march, and arrangements from a romanza by Donizetti, and a Scena from *Tannhäuser*, were the minor varieties. One more concert will be given next Wednesday, and that the last one. We do not see why these pleasant concerts should not be continued as long as they draw audiences. Now that we have no other music, they should be good for at least a month longer.

Ullman's Opera troupe, minus Piccolomini, Formes, and others, re-opened the New York Academy last Monday evening, with GAZZANIGA in *La Traviata*. The *Trovatore* followed on Wednesday, with ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS as the gypsy. The busy little manager has secured a lease of the Philadelphia Academy, as well as of the Boston Theatre, and means to give bountiful supplies of Italian, German, and French operas in the three cities. He will soon be off to Europe, to engage artists. Let us hope he will be so fortunate as to get one or two real *tenors*, and that he will keep FORMES. Mlle. CAROLINE ALAIMO is to make her debut next week at the N. Y. Academy. . . . "Seven-Octaves" has resumed his good-humored "Crotchets and Quavers" in the Albany Times. He tells us that the "Union Musical Association" there are rehearsing Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night."



## Music Abroad.

### London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. — *The Musical World*, of March 19, heralds the opening season thus :

All chance of Her Majesty's Theatre opening this season is at an end. There is not a doubt about it. Mr. E. T. Smith's prospectus sets that at rest. The programme for the new Royal Italian Opera, at Drury Lane, has just been issued. A more imposing bill-sheet of pledges has seldom been presented to the public. In fact, nothing could look better on paper. The very spirit of zeal and enterprise breathes through the announcement. The list of singers is unusually strong; the band and chorus, numerous and efficient, have been selected from Her Majesty's Theatre and Continental Operas; and the ballet arrangements promise efficiency. The *Royal Italian Opera* of this season, at Drury Lane Theatre, compared with the *Italian Opera* of last season, is like perfect accomplishment, compared with crude beginning. Mr. E. T. Smith is determined to make amends for the temporary loss by the closing of Her Majesty's Theatre.

The list of *soprano* embraces Madlle. Titiens—Mr. Lumley's great card of last season; Madlle. Enrichetta Weissner, *prima donna* from the Teatro Regio, Turin, La Pergola, Florence, &c. — an artist of great local notoriety; Madlle. Sarolta, the fair Hungarian *contralto*, who lately debuted at the Italiens, Paris, as *Lucrezia Borgia*; Madlle. Vaneri, who made a favorable debut last year at Drury Lane; Madlle. Elvira Brambilla, from the principal theatres of Milan, Turin, &c., &c.,—whose name, at all events, should be a guarantee for her being an artist; and last, not least, Madlle. Guarducci, who has been lately turning the heads of the Venetian public, and converting the gondoliers into troubadours. Madame Giuseppina Lemaire is the "*prima donna contralto assoluta*." This lady comes from the Carlo Felice, at Genoa, with a great reputation. Negotiations are also pending with Madame Borghi Mamo, the eminent *contralto*, who is now enjoying the favor of the capricious patrons of the Académie-Imperiale de Musique et de Danse, at Paris. If Mr. E. T. Smith intends giving performances every night, he will stand in need of two "absolute" *prime donne* in the "*contralto*" line.

The catalogue of tenors is not less rich than that of *sopranos*. Now that the great establishment in the Hay-market has closed its doors, Signor Giuglini is placed to the account of the Drury Lane *impresario*, and stands at the head of the list. Next to him comes Signor Pietro Mongini, a tenor who has for many years been winning renown in the principal theatres of Italy, and in the Grand-Opéra of St. Petersburg. Signor Ludovico Graziani, brother to the barytone, if not equal in fame and accomplishments to the other two, will serve as an excellent second tenor and a good occasional substitute. Other names are added to this department, but as they don't belong to the "absolutes," they need not be mentioned. Among the barytones and basses—numerically stronger than the tenors—we may name Signor Badiali—a great favorite of last year with the Drury Lane audiences, and an excellent artist of the old school, though a little *passé*; Signor Corsi, one of Mr. Lumley's latest introductions from Italy, a first-rate artist, and once a first-rate vocalist now unfortunately in the same predicament as Signor Badiali; Signor Marini, associated with the early days of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden; and, to conclude, Signor Graziani, whom Mr. Gye also claims, and who promises to be a bone of contention between the two "Royal Italian Operas."

The list of the promised operas, old and new, constitutes a *répertoire* which certainly has never been equalled by any Italian Opera, in the 2nd, or even the 12th year of its establishment. The novelties include Verdi's *Macbeth* and *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, and Petrella's *Ione*; ossia, *L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompeii*. The reproductions are too numerous to mention. We may, however, name *Guillaume Tell*, *Otello*, and *La Gazza Ladra*, by Rossini—all of which, efficiently represented, will be welcomed with delight; Gluck's *Armida*, too much to expect, we fear; and Mercadante's *Giuramento*—which we don't greatly care to hear.

The talk in the prospectus about Mozart's works is not to our taste. "Perfection" may or may not be attained; but let it be attained, and there will be plenty of time for boasting. The Public will not be slow in finding it out. We give Mr. E. T. Smith credit for the best intentions, but cannot help thinking of the *Don Giovanni* of last season.

The name of Mr. Benedict, as musical director, cannot but be accepted as a guarantee for excellence in his department. The reasons for postponing the

season until the 25th of April, are sufficiently plausible; and we await the inauguration of the new Royal Italian Opera with great curiosity and interest.

The "programme of arrangements" for the coming Handel Commemoration Festival at Sydenham is now published. These were not long ago enabled to announce, and therefore have now little to do, save to add, that the dates of the performances will be on Monday, June 20th, 'The Messiah'; on Wednesday, the 22nd, the 'Dettingen Te Deum,' selections from 'Saul,' 'Samson,' 'Belshazzar,' 'Judas Maccabeus,' and other works; on Friday, the 24th, 'Israel in Egypt.' With regard to the Wednesday selections, the programme states that, "it is probable that they will be interspersed with solos by Vocalists of eminence who do not take part in the Oratorios of the other days." \* It has been arranged," still to quote, "that the Wind Bands employed in the Festival shall, after each day's performance, execute in the grounds, during the display of the Fountains, Marches, Minuets, and other compositions by Handel, including the Water Music, the Firework Music, and other celebrated pieces; and, also, that during the intermediate days, selections from his Italian Operas and Secular works shall be performed by the Band of the Company, conducted by Mr. Manns, with such additional aid as may be required." We observe with pleasure that in the promise of a band and chorus of nearly four thousand performers, among bodies selected from "Continental Societies" are mentioned, as well as those of the metropolis, the provinces, and the cathedral choirs. This is as it should be: a courtesy, however let us distinctly mark, not a necessity. There will be such a display of Handel relics, in the shape of portraits, autographs, musical instruments, as fits a festival week devoted to a great memory.

This week's table of contents included Dr. Wyld's, or the so-called *New Philharmonic Society's* first concert,—Mr. Hullah's Wednesday meeting at St. Martin's Hall,—and Mr. H. Leslie's Thursday gathering of his choir. Though something new may remain to be said of all the great works announced, to wit Beethoven's 'Choral Symphony' and 'Mass in c,' Mendelssohn's 'Lobgesang' and Psalm with *contralto solo*, inasmuch as all great works are inexhaustible, let the student be ever so averse to transcendentalism,—we conceive that a novelty of the moment or two may more acceptably occupy our space disposable for music.

Herr Joachim announces three *Beethoven Quartett Concerts* during the month of May.—Herr Wieniawski's Quartett party consists of M. Bernard, Herr Schreurs and a M. Vieuxtemps for *violoncello*, in addition to himself.

Among announcements of pleasures to come for the month of May is a performance of Haydn's 'Seasons,' for the benefit of "The London Society for the Protection of Young Females." There are to be seven hundred performers; Signor Randegger is to conduct.—An Italian opera, unknown in England, will shortly, we are told, be produced in Dublin,—none other than the 'Macbeth' of Signor Verdi, with Madame Viardot as *Lady Macbeth*. Surely this would be a new card to play at the *Royal Italian Opera* than 'Rigoletto,' or (with all its beauty) the worn-out 'La Gazza,' both of which are put forward as features in Mr. Gye's programme. Madame Grisi and Signor Mario are going to sing in Dublin in the same company—of course before their own opera season commences.

Madame Thillon is in London ready to sing. Madame Faure remains; the French Opera over. Madame Novello is coming in May.

'The Seasons' will be given by the *Sacred Harmonic Society* on Friday next.

The last given of the "Monday Popular Concerts" was devoted to the works of Beethoven, and included the string quintet in c major; the well known Rasoumoffsky quartet in f; the Sonata for piano, c, dedicated to Haydn, and that in g, op. 50, for piano and violin. Mr. Tennant gave us that beautiful gem of the master, "The Song of the Quail," in a manner which showed his capabilities to interpret Beethoven's music, and the power of his vocal organ to accomplish it. This gentleman is gradually gaining a very advanced position among the singers of the day. The other vocal portions of the programme were entrusted to Madame Behrens, Mrs. Enderssohn and Mr. Wilbye Cooper.

Madame Anna Bishop made her first appearance at the Crystal Palace concert last Saturday. Miss Arabella Goddard also appeared on that occasion.

The Vocal Association have announced Handel's 'Acis and Galatea,' with Mozart's additional accompaniments, for next week's performance. Mr. Benedict will officiate as conductor.—*Corr. of N. Y. Mus. World*, March 16.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

#### For the Piano-Forte.

Absence and Return. Two Romances, each,

René Fuxarger. 25

Two Songs without words, which speak of grief and joy as well as tones may. The first a pensive, dreamy air, enveloped by impetuous runs flowing down from the right to the left hand, and indicating unrest and unsettledness; the second, an ecstatic melody moving along airily, in happiness and bliss. Moderately difficult.

Sans Souci. Morceau de Salon. Ed. Roedel. 35

A piece much easier than the above, although belonging to the same class. Teachers will find this piece excellently suited to be used at the pupil's third or fourth quarter. Written in Polka time.

La Rieuse. Polka. Joseph Ascher. 30

Ascher composes Polkas rather sparingly. After his military Polka "La Vaillance" has been taken up and played to death by almost all the Orchestras, Bands and Amateur Pianists on this and other continents, Ascher has not, until now, composed another original Polka. It would be indeed surprising, if this Polka, equally pretty, equally easy, should not have a similar run. Of course all players will be anxious to get a copy of it.

Cuckoo Polka. (Or, Spring Polka.) Herzog. 25

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